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Sincerely Berlina Jan. 3.

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Dearest Margaret:

The book on Happiness in Marriage came yesterday and I must thank you. I read it last night and today. The last half is especially good. The first part on courtships is strange to me. But the last part is very, very excellent. I am reviewing it for the Indian press. You have touched a problem that is more real than most people know: that of the rapidity of man in sex ~~union~~. Few women will be frank enough to

2) say that they are generally left in a most awful nervous tension, to lie awake in bitterness all night long, while a man slumbers peacefully. It is the cause of nervous trouble of many women. The cause of this in men you did not fully treat. I believe there are other than the selfish motives at work, although that is important, also, as you say. The other factors are: 1) neurosis - an actual ^{psychic} illness in men; and - 2) their former relations with prostitutes. Many, many men get their sex start in life with prostitutes. A prostitute wants to get through the business as soon as possible. I've heard that they often say to a man: "Well,

for Christ's sake, ain't you
through yet?" In such a
relationship a man need think
only of himself - never of
the woman. In brothels for
soldiers - as on the Rhine
after the War - each soldier
was allotted 15 minutes with
a prostitute and they stood
in line before the brothels
awaiting their turn.

In this way decent women
get husbands & whose sex
training has been gained from
prostitutes. This training is
as deadly as syphilis. It
is the revenge of the prostitute
against the "respectable" women
who consider themselves better.
It destroys the woman's nervous
system as syphilis destroys the

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body. I could tell you stories
Margaret if I could talk to
you. There is no horror on
earth (except that under ether)
to compare with the nervous
tension in which millions of
women are left after sex
reunions with men who boast
of their knowledge & experience in
sex. Prostitution is a nervous
scourge, also.

Naidu is going to write
about the book also, and I
am ordering a copy for a
friend of mine in India and
have asked him to review it
in the vernacular press.

I am discouraged into
the earth. My cold will not
go. I cough night and day.
I have done every thing to
get rid of it, but I can't.

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And never have I felt so
terribly run down, so discouraged
and depressed. Under treatment
the appendicitis is somewhat
better and I hope to postpone
the operation until the ~~fall~~
Spring. But the cold is
unbearable. Last winter I
had the influenza three times,
and I suppose this winter
also will keep me completely
down. After death has no
terrors for me. A big
pain is endurable; but the
depression and misery that
comes from a constant grippe
is unspeakable.

I try to work but
cannot. I tried to write

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a review of "Mother India" for the B. C. Review, but it is so rottenly done that I have to leave it aside until I feel better. And to see Mrs. Hamburger is impossible because my eyes are affected and I constantly cough. The man next door complains to my landlady about my cough at night and my landlady complains to me — as if I did it on purpose! I tell you I hate this experience called life.

One bright thing happens: Lajpat Rai has apologized in his magazine in India because of his attack on me. But

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it does not help one much.
I wish I could have spent
this winter in India, and
avoided this cold here for
once. That would have helped
me more than the praise
Lajpat Rai now heaps upon
me.

Please, Margaret, send me that
small pamphlet I asked for.
Or at least that recipe
for lactic acid solution. For
that girl left out that
recipe in her last copies
and now I have to send
it to the women who wish
it.

Love to you, dear Margaret,

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and thanks again for the book.

I'm going to write about it
in plain language for India.

I know Indians and their

sex attitude, and I'm going

to speak straight. Most of them

are very German-like. They

think a woman is a convenient

piece of bed-room furniture,

with the additional advantage

of being an unpaid servant.

But chiefly the former.

Love

Agnes -